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THE PROPHETS OF THE CEVENNES.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

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CHAPTER I.

In my recent papers on Mr. White's Lectures against Spiritualism, I have endeavoured to demonstrate that though there may be, from time to time, more extraordinary manifestations of this influence, the principle is universal, and belonging to all times and all nations, as essentially a part of God's economy in his education of the human race as the rising and setting of the sun. I have alluded to many proofs of this in both ancient and modern history, and I am of opinion that one of the greatest works which Spiritualists can do, is to bring forward the scattered evidences of this great fact: to clear them from the rubbish with which time and prejudice have surrounded them, and to gradually fill in the circle of these, till it stands complete and conspicuous beyond the power of indifference to overlook, or of interest to ignore. Every one in the course of his reading can render some service in this cause; every one can bring some brick, or stone, or piece of timber to the building of this temple of a great truth. The facts in question lie scattered over the whole wilderness of history. Some in pagan and some in christian records; some prior to christianity; some in religions collateral with it; some amongst the ancient Fathers, others in the middle and others in recent ages. What would be a gigantic undertaking for any one individual, may become extremely easy to a number, and I invite Spiritualists to put their hands to the work according to their several tracts of reading. "The Truth Seeker" has already done good service in this field, and I trust will do much more: but it will require many Truth seekers to range over the whole field of the world, over classical, medieval, and modern ground, before the grand cycle of ages and nations is filled in. I will now introduce one specimen of the matter which lies scattered like long unnoted gold on the very surface of history but so daubed and defaced by bigotry, malice and ignorance, that it is regarded by our very inquisitive and philosophic age, as the mere dross of superstition and fanaticism.

In most of our English histories we come upon slight and passing notices of certain insurrections in the Cevennes a mountainous region of the South of France, against the oppressions of Louis XIV, to which some aids of money, arms and men were sent by the government of Queen Anne, but which never reached the insurgents in question. These insurgents were protestants, and, therefore

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deemed worthy of the sympathy of protestants, but we learn little from such histories of the results of their sympathy. We find however that a number of those insurgents made their way to this country. That they professed to be prophets; to be divinely inspired by the Holy Spirit, and to be enabled by the Divine Spirit to perform miraculous acts like the members of the primitive church. This pretension, we learn, immediately startled and disgusted the English church of that day, both established and dissenting; a loud cry was raised against these French protestants or fanatics. The Bishop of London called the attention of the French church in the Savoy to them; the French church summoned them before its consistory, and the Prophets rejected their authority, declaring that they had no masters but God. This made the outcry against them wild. Dr. Edmund Calamy, a great nonconformist divine, whose name would be more correctly spelt Calumny, in the indignation of a fossil divinity, which denies the possession of that spiritual life which Christ promised to his church, and which the church once had, but has relinquished for itself and refuses to its neighbour, preached mightily and bitterly against these poor refugee foreigners for presuming to have the spirit and living works of the Saviour. He presented his book called a "Caviat" to the Queen, calling angrily for the punishment and expulsion of these blasphemers. Accordingly the unfortunate Cevennois were denounced, put in the pillory, and made very glad to escape from this land of boasted toleration.

There were, however, certain gentlemen, who took the trouble to enquire for themselves into the real history, lives and opinions of these unhappy men, who sought bread and protection from Englishmen, and received not merely a stone, but many stones, and rotten eggs. These gentlemen, amongst whom were Sir Richard Bulkeley and Mr. Lacy, men of fortune and station, came to the conclusion that the objects of this terrible outcry, were simple, honest, pious men, and in possession of all the spiritual gifts to which they laid claim. Whereupon it was immediately sounded abroad that Sir Richard Bulkeley was a little crooked man, whom the prophets had promised to make, through the Spirit, as tall and straight as a poplar, and still more strange things were predicated of John Lacy, Esq., the other great defender of the Cevennois. Agnes Strickland, in her "History of the Queens of England," retails all these on-dits gravely, and accuses these gentlemen of countenancing some "rubbish, much like Modern Megmerism!" Poor Agnes!

Unfortunately for these aspersions on the champions of the unfortunate Prophets of the Cevennois, we find Dr. Josiah Woodward, a clergyman of high standing in the Established Church, at the very time that he is writing against the Cevennois, declaring the gentlemen who have stood by them, to be men of such high character that they cannot for a moment be suspected of countenancing imposture, adding his belief in the sincerity of the unhappy Cevennois themselves, though not crediting their conceived inspiration, but treating them as sincere enthusiasts whom English Christians ought to pity, and send home to their mountains, instead of persecuting them. Still more unfortunately for the calumnies heaped by the hard doctrinal divinity of the time on these poor

French protestants and their defenders : we have looked into the accounts given of them by Sir Richard Bulkeley and Mr. Lacy, and find these the relations of men, calm, rational and religious, having every mark of proceeding from sound logical heads, and honorable hearts. In "The Impartial account of the Prophets" by Sir Richard, he gives us the mode by which he went to work to know all about them. Enquiring whether the phenomena which they presented proceeded from Contrivance, Disease, Satanical Delusion, or the Holy Spirit of God ? Whether these people had any motives of ambition, gain, or a desire to serve themselves by embroiling us with our enemies ? Again, he tried if he could reconcile these phenomena to frenzy or madness ; to enthusiastic melancholy : or epileptic convulsions ? But he was driven from all such explanations, by the sober sense, sound health, genuine piety, and simple truthfulness of these people. "I found them," he says, "not men of impiously hardened consciences, as they must have been, to profess to be actuated by the Holy Spirit, as the Prophets did, when they knew the contrary, but men of sober lives and conversation ; men of good characters ; pious and devout Christians, and having the fear of God before their eyes." He found them possessing "an extraordinary spirit of prayer and praise to God ; the gifts of prophecy, exhortation, of discerning spirits, of languages, of the ministration of the same spirit to others ; and some earnest of the gift of healing, all which were proofs that the Holy Spirit gave in the Apostles' times ; and these being shining evidences of its being from God, I durst not," he says, "from some little clouds that now and then seem to our understanding to darken its lustre, conclude that God was not in it, or to take upon me in my faint light, to determine what the all-wise and all-uncontroulable, will, or will not do to us, that are worse than the dust before him."

Such were the cross-lights that gleamed upon me from the opposite statements of the time, as to these "Prophets," which from the natural and honest tone of this brave Sir Richard, little and crooked man as he was, but with a soul evidently as "tall and straight as a poplar," led me strongly to suspect that the stories of Dr. Edmund Calumny and Co. were just such as beset Christianity, and every new development of Christianity, in the persons of Luther, Fox, Wesley, etc. I turned to enquire what our English writers, historians or travellers have had to say about them since, but hitherto I have found little light amongst them. The Rev. Mr. Smedley in his "History of the Reformed Religion of France" indeed treats them in the true unbelieving spirit of orthodoxy, as fanatics ; "ignorant people, deranged by enthusiasm" etc. The tone of this hard-shell orthodoxy not seeming to me capable of accounting for the marvels which Bulkeley, Lacy, and the numerous witnesses who deposed to the truth of their relations, before the Magistrates in England, as given in "The cry from the Desert," and the "Theatre Sacré des Cévennes" published in London at the time, I turned to the French authorities, To Coquerel's *Histoire des Eglises du Désert* "Peyrat's *Histoire des Pasteurs du Désert*" "Bruey's *Histoire des Fanatismes*," "Mémoires de Jean Cavalier," "Histoire des Camisards," "Les Lettres de Fléchier," to Louvreaux, Lebaume, Court, *Lettres de Racine*, and to others, friends and enemies, and what a scene burst upon me ! What a scene of tyranny, despotism,

and persecution, sublime in its very horrors! What a scene of heroism, of devotion, of biblical faith and biblical Spiritualism, in a simple race of mountaineers? What a scene of glories and of sufferings wrought by the demony of kings and priests, and the bared arm of the Almighty stretched forth in all the majesty of ancient times amongst a simple and trodden down people! What a spectacle of poor men lifted by the power of the devil and the mightier power of God, amid their magnificent mountains and their rushing rivers, poor obscure Shepherds, and wool-combers, and foresters, into heroes and martyrs equal to the most renowned of the most soul-inspiring times. Earth has few such stories; let us give a brief outline of it. In this paper, let it be the political story; in another, its more spiritual story.

The history of the endeavours of the popish church to tread out all real christianity, a church calling itself the Church of the Lord, yet doing the most decided work of the devil, never was equalled by the barbarities of any pagan nation. If we had a history of hell, what would it be but a history in which those who still retained any traces of heaven would be tormented by every imaginable invention of cruelty; in which every demoniac fury would be exercised to crush out the last spark of faith and virtue? Such is the history of the great Roman heresy; the anti-Christ of Paul if ever there was one, in which dragonades, inquisitions, burning of people alive, and breaking them on racks and wheels, crushing them with iron boots and the most exquisite of tortures of every kind, figure from age to age. We in this country had our share of this devilry, from which Tophet itself might have learned fresh lessons of torment, during the days of bloody Mary, and the popish Stuarts, but what has been the fate of England in this respect to that of the continental nations, where the great delusion still reigns, in darkness and strength? The Albigenes, the Waldenses, the Vaudois have left a fearful story of Rome's exterminating cruelty against the gospel of Christ. Protestantism was literally and utterly extirpated in Bohemia and Moravia by the extirpation of the population. We have traversed the melancholy plains of these countries, and the curse of Rome's annihilating fury seems yet to brood over them. What horrors were perpetrated in Styria, in the Palestine, in Flanders, in Spain and Italy! In some of these countries Popery utterly burnt out and hewed to pieces protestantism with its myrmidons called inquisitors, alguasils, jesuits, priests and soldiers. But in no country has the reign of intellectual tyranny, of a fearful and remorseless war on protestantism endured so long and presented so many horrors as in France, and for this simple reason, that the government has never been able to destroy totally the remnant of God's martyrs. We need not tell the long story of the Huguenots, nor recall the night of St. Bartholomew. Henry IV signed the blessed edict of Nantes, and Louis XIV revoked it. Then burst forth, with renewed fury, all the murderous soul of Rome. Then again were the poor protestants hunted down, ruined, imprisoned, murdered by priests, bishops, mayors, intendants and soldiery, at the command of a man whom historians have delighted to laud as Le Grand Monarche, the great Louis Quatorze, one of the most debauched, unprincipled, tiger-souled, and terrible monsters, who ever sat on a throne, and made war on all the rights of Europe; the exterminator of protestantism, the

desolator of all neighbouring nations. Let the burnt and reburnt Palatinate; let desolated Flanders, and the butcheries committed on his pious and simple protestant subjects of the South of France, for ever stamp him as the monster he was, and heap shame on the heads of his flatterers and tools!

In few countries is there a region more beautiful than that of Provence and Lanquedoc, in the South of France. The Viverais, the Cevennes, Rouergue, Gevaudan, and the lovely regions in which lie Montpellier, Nismes, Uzès, Saint Hippolite, and Somiere. A country of old volcanic mountains, old forests, rapid torrents, and elysian vallies; a country watered by the superbe Rhone, the Gardon and the Ardeche. This paradise of a country inhabited by a brave and simple race descended from Roman blood, from the ancient colonies of Nismes and Narbonne, was one on which Louis XIV and his brutal minister Louvois, especially let loose the tempest of their persecuting rage. The only crime of the people was that they would not worship God according to the domineering and superstitious rites of Rome. For this, this much-lauded monarch, politically blind as he was bigotedly remorseless, destroyed or scattered into all the nations round, Five HUNDRED THOUSAND of the best and most devoted subjects that ever king had, with all their trades, their ingenuity and their industry. Amongst these too were some who rose to high eminence in the English and other armies, and fought against the tyrant. Such were Schomberg and Ruigny, generals of our William III, who became duke of Leinster, and Earl of Galway. But it was chiefly on the people of the Viverais, and above all on those of the Cevennes, that he hurled his desolating vengeance.

He haughtily commanded them to attend mass, and conform to popery. They steadfastly refused. He then marched down armies to compel them, or to root them out. In 1685 took place the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Finding that neither soldiers, nor prisons, nor the savage violence of priests and magistrates, had any effect in putting down the protestant churches, Louis determined to banish every protestant pastor from the country. "If they are already imbecile," he said, "let them stay and rot; if they are of vigorous mind, chase them out!" Accordingly there was seen the mournful sight of every minister compelled to quit his native hills and his flock. But the weeping people would not be left behind. One thousand five hundred and eighty pastors quitted for ever the soil of France, followed to the frontiers by the vigilant eyes of soldiers and police. These good men scattered themselves all over Europe, and on their people coming after them, established new churches. Amongst them were some very eminent men; Claude, Dubosc, Dumoulin; Jurieu, Abadie, Beaunebre, Lenfant, Pajon, Bayle, brother of the lexicographer, the world-renowned Saurin, Basnage, Tronchin, Ancillon, Constant, Candolle, etc. Of these Claude and Saurin settled at the Hague; Dubosc at Rotterdam; Ancillon at Berlin. Their flocks abandoned their homes and country, and hastened after them into voluntary exile. Amongst these were fifteen thousand gentlemen, and two thousand three hundred Elders.

"They arose in silence," says Peyrat; "and departed in crowds; men, women, children, a desolate throng. They stole away privately from their place."

ternal roofs, from their native villages: and in small knots sought to escape from their country. Muleteers, though forbidden under severe penalties, dared the enterprise for good pay, and led them by unfrequented ways to the nearest frontiers. The fugitives disguised themselves as muleteers, or colporteurs, or beggars; ladies whose satin slippers had never before touched the grass, walked sixty or fifty leagues in wooden shoes, as peasant women, and gentlemen carried packages or trundled wheel-barrow to escape the cognizance of the guards on the frontiers. Soon the evacuation of the country became so alarming,—for the revocation of the edict had deprived two millions of people of the protection of the laws,—that Louis issued the most stringent orders that no single protestant should be permitted to quit the country. Marshal Montrevel, the military commander in the Cevennes, published them there. Every person who quitted the country suffered confiscation of his whole property. Every person attempting it, though in vain, suffered the same confiscation, and was condemned, if a man, to the galleys for life; if a woman, to perpetual imprisonment. If they staid in the country, they were forbidden to sell their real property for three years, or their personal at all, under the same penalties; and being thus nailed down to their native places, they were all liable to the same penalties, if they attended protestant places of worship, or gave any assistance to ruined or starving protestants. Thus given up a prey to the priests, informers and soldiers; confiscation and the gallies, or death, were denounced against all Captains who dared to take them out by sea. The whole protestant population of the south was now at the mercy of the sword and the plunderer. Their houses were rifled and burnt, their crops destroyed, and themselves were thrust into the galleys by thousands, till they could hold no more, and then the prisons were filled to repletion, and such prisons! Pits and dungeons swarming with vermin, and reptiles engendered by the filthy abysses unvisited by the sun! The unhappy people could neither stand upright, sit, or lie down. They were let down into these horrible depths with ropes, and came up only to be flogged, mutilated, rent on the rack, or hooked alive on the wheel. Many after some weeks confinement, issued from these infernos without hair and without teeth! Carrion and the garbage of stable were flung into these pits for their food. They weltered in sloughs of impurity; their bodies became bloated, their skins peeled off like wet paper; they were, in effect, living corpses. At length to disencumber these hells of horror and contagion, Louis was compelled to ship them off in rotten transports to America, indifferent whether they reached land or the bottom of the ocean.

But of the most active and pitiless use of fire, sword, plundering, racking, torturing, hanging and murdering in these slaughter-houses of prisons could not hand their poor but brave Christians, Montrevel the general, and Baviile the intendant, determined to lay waste the whole country of the Cevennes, and exterminate every protestant. They therefore divided the whole territory into sections, and distributed to every section its troop of soldiers who went to work to destroy every house, lay waste with fire every field and kill every man, woman and child that they could find. They left only a few towns to which the catholic might be sent, if the massacre was complete. Driven by these merciless men-

tures to rebellion the Cevennois rose and defended themselves. They got up into the mountains, and into the forests, laid up their grain and provisions in huge caverns, and every man that had any kind of arms became a soldier. Yet what a handful against a host! The highest calculation gives only 3,000 Cevennois in arms at once; some authors declare that there never were more than 2,000, whilst the kings' troops, disciplined in the great wars of the time and the militia amounted to 60,000! commanded by some of the best generals of France.

But the handful of brave mountaineers, trusting in God, determined not to discomfit them. They elected leaders, and rushed down on their enemies, scattering them and slaying them to a marvel. One of their first attempts was to rescue a troop of their unhappy brethren and sisters and children out of the hands of the Abbé Chayla, the prior of Laval, and archpriest of the Cevennes' and inspector of missions in Gevaudan. This man had a throng of priests about him, and they persecuted the protestants mercilessly. The cellars of Chayla's palace were crowded with victims, whom he and his priests daily tortured. Sometimes they ran from one to another beating them with cudgels till they were out of breath. They stretched them on the rack: they invented new modes of torture. They made them close their hands upon burning coals: wrapped their fingers in oiled cotton, and set fire to it. They tied their victims hands and feet, and lifting them up plunged them down on the floor on their faces. They tied them down in the shape of beasts on all fours and kept them for days in that cramping posture, unable to look upward. Their victims could only escape, the men by money, the women by loss of their honour. At length the indignant people marched down upon him, demanded the release of his victims, and as he and his impious coadjutors only answered by firing on them, they burst in, burnt the house over his head, killed him, and led away the prisoners singing a hymn of triumph.

Then rose the blood of the long-oppressed, and the war went on for ten years. Terrible were the deeds done by the sixty thousand soldiery with all their massacres, dragonades, their conflagrations, their racks, gibbets, and hangings. Terrible and wonderful were the retaliations of the little 2,000. The limits of one paper forbid us to follow the course of this marvellous story, more wonderful, more desperate, and more triumphant than that of the Scottish Covenanters. It is a story of volumes, not of an article. But what concerns us is, that the source of their triumphs, and their deeds which rung through Europe, was SPIRITUALISM—Spiritualism of the most exalted, the most Biblical, and the most unprecedented character. Spiritualism which demands for its recorded facts the utmost stretch of faith, but attested by a cloud of witnesses, enemies as well as friends, such as no history, the most universally accepted—can surpass for weight, for numbers, for accordance, or trust-worthiness.

When the wretched people were driven to desperation, when the blood-hounds of despotism, and the hell-hounds of anti-Christ surrounded them with fire and artillery, with overwhelming thousands, and with daily and insatiate carnage, then they cried mightily to God, and God came visibly to their rescue. They were seized with an extraordinary power and passion of inspiration. They were shaken

and agitated by it, as clairvoyants are moved, and are, as it were, transfigured. Then they broke forth in prophesyings; in declarations of trust in God; in exhortations to prayer and newness of life. They foretold all that was necessary for their safety and their success. Every action was immediately regulated by these oracles which never failed. Whether they should fight, or should flee, should hide or advance, was clearly told them. If a traitor came among them he was at once pointed out; if their enemies were planning means for their destruction, they saw them as if present, and heard their discourse. Men, women, and children, children too of only twelve months and less, who had never spoken, spoke in good French, to the amazement of hundreds present, and the words of such children were received as implicitly as those of the oldest and wisest amongst them. These startling facts stand on the testimony of numbers, and some of them of the highest rank and fame. But it is not here that I mean to go into this part of the narrative; I note it only to show the real source of the unparalleled triumphs of the little band of the Cevennois over the mighty armies of France for years. From the moment that any man received the influence of the spirit, it was observed that he became a new man, whatever had been his life before, and nothing could seduce him from his purity of life and devotion to the cause. The "Spirit" say some of those heroes themselves, "inspired all the military manœuvres, and animated the courage of the chiefs in battle. They had no knowledge of war, nor of any other thing. Everything was given them miraculously. "The Spirit encouraged the soldiers, says M. Fage in the "*Theatre Sacré*." When about to go into battle, and the Spirit said,—"Fear nothing, my child, I will guide thee, I will be with thee," I rushed into the melee as if I had been clad in iron: as if the arms of the enemy were of wool. Happy in the words of God, our little boys of twelve, struck right and left like valiant men. Those who had neither swords nor gun, did wonders with blows of a staff or a cudgel. "The bullets whistled about our ears, like hail, but as harmlessly. They cut through our caps and coats, but they did no hurt."

Those who were told by the Spirit beforehand that they should fall, went resignedly to their martyrdom; the rest fought in confident assurance of safety, and declare that they often found the bullets flattened betwixt their shirts and their skin. This was the grand secret of those wonders of valour which astonished all Europe, and confounded the most experienced of the royal generals. The sufferings of the Cevennois were terrific. Four hundred towns and villages were reduced to ashes, and the whole country for twenty leagues was left a desert. But the hunted protestants had made terrible reprisals. They destroyed every cross, image, and symbol of popery that they came near: levied heavy contributions, and had slain one third of the royal army.

And all this was accomplished by poor simple peasants and artizans! The whole movement was purely amongst the people. They were led and instructed by none of the gentry, who had escaped abroad, or were almost wholly Catholic. Rowland, their commander-in-chief, was a vine dresser; Cavallier, their great warrior, the David of their army, who was a beardless boy, when he stood forth as a prophet and a leader and was only nineteen when he terminated his career in the Cevennes, was

a peasant and a baker. Catinat was a watcher of horses on the hills of Vivens-Seguiet, Castanet, Salomon, Ravanel, and La Belle Isabeau, the prophets were all carders of wool. Elie Marion was the only one of a family of superior grade. Yet all these conducted their share of the command and of the management of the general affairs with an ability and success which astonished beyond measure their high-born and accomplished opponents, and covered them with continual defeat. These not self-instructed, but God-instructed men, conducted the civil affairs of their community, of a population driven from their homes, reduced to beggary, and to daily peril of the most frightful nature: thrown, in fact, on their hands in one gigantic mass of helplessness and misery, with the same brilliant sagacity as they did the war. They took care to bring in from the enemy abundant provisions and clothing; cattle, sheep, corn and wine. They constructed vast magazines of ammunition and of all necessary stores in caverns in the hills, and in the depths of forests. They quartered themselves and their dependant people in the castles and chateaus of their enemies. They had their hospitals and their retreats for the wounded and invalids, and made up for want of surgical skill, in many cases, by tender care and native ingenuity. Yet they had surgeons amongst them too.

The great leaders of the Camisards, as they were called,—from *Camia*, the dialectic name of a shirt, because they helped themselves to clean shirts wherever they went, or more probably from the black blouse which they wore, that they might not be easily seen at a distance, whence they were called “The Invisible Phantoms,”—were Rowland and Cavallier. Rowland Laporte was a man of about forty; sedate, thoughtful, and endowed with the capacity for managing the general affairs. By his wisdom and prudence all was kept in order, and every one fitted into his or her place. His providential watchfulness, under the immediate guidance of a higher Providence, inspired confidence, and diffused order and harmony through the whole Camisard community. He as well as every commander, was a prophet or medium, and exhorted and prayed and prophesied in their assemblies. These assemblies were held in the open air, sometimes in the glades of the forests, sometimes in the courts of the old chateaus. To them the people, men, women, and children ran, in the midst of danger, from their woods and hiding-places, carrying with them their bibles, rescued from the flames of their burning houses, and listened intently to the words of the inspired and to their hymns of faith and triumph, till the weak women and children became capable of the most astonishing deeds.

Cavallier, was the great genius, the great hero of the Camisards. Youth as he was, of low stature, of a simple, fair and ruddy countenance, and with his long hair rolling in waves on his shoulders, he was capable of carrying with him the spirits of all around him, both when he delivered an inspired harangue, or led them to the battle. At his right hand always rode the gigantic and intrepid Ravanel, with his bushy beard and wild hair, on his left, his younger brother Daniel, a mere boy, on a fine young charger. At the head of their cavalry they rushed down into the plains, and spread terror amongst soldiers, priests, and the catholic people. They had, through inspiration, knowledge of the movements of their

enemies, and laid ambushes for them, and overthrew them with amazing slaughter. Cavallier had a touch of the hero of romance in him; he would dress himself and his followers as royal soldiers; and thus obtain admittance to the castles and forts, dine with the commandants, and then astonish them by seizing them, leading them out of their strong-holds, and setting these on fire. He entered the towns in disguise, and made himself master of all the projects of the king's officers. The people conceived for him the most enthusiastic admiration. They looked on him as their great deliverer under God: and this at length led to the fall of the Camisards. They began to trust more in the instruments than in the God who had made them. The chiefs arrayed themselves in the splendid uniforms of the slain king's officers. They adorned themselves with gold chains, and ruby and diamond rings. Cavallier and Rowland, and Ravel, and Abraham Mazel, and the rest, might be seen in their broad hats and feathers, and their scarlet coats, mounted on their proud chargers. Cavallier rode a noble white horse which had belonged to Colonel La Jonquiere; and which he took afterwards with him to the war in Spain. They lived in the castles and chateaus of the ancient nobles, and called themselves dukes and counts; but their followers always persisted in calling them simply their brothers. Rowland styled himself duke of the Cevennes, and declared the country his, won by his sword. They had, though still pious and brave, forgotten partly the rock whence they were hewn, and their glory departed.

Louis finding that his successive generals and successive armies availed nothing, sent against them the subtle Villars who afterwards coped with Marlborough on the plains of Flanders. Villars soon comprehended that he might perhaps extirpate the whole race by a vast struggle and a tremendous massacre, but that he could never subdue them. He tried art and flattery. He invited Cavallier to meet him, and gave hostages for his safety. They met at Nîmes, and what a scene was that! The people streamed from all surrounding towns, from villages and farms, to gaze on the hero of the Cevennes. They crowded round in dense and eager thousands on thousands, kissing his feet and his garments as he rode proudly on his white steed, with his little troop of Camisards opening the way for him with their swords, and Ravel, and the young Daniel riding on each side of him. The proud Marshal and Cavallier met in the gardens of the old monastery of the Franciscans, and the bland and polite royal general poured the subtle poison of flattery into the ear of the young mountaineer. He spoke of the fame which he had won wide through the world; of the wish of the king to make him the commander of a regiment of his brave Camisards, to fight, not against him, but against his enemies. He offered freedom of conscience though not liberty to have churches, for the brave protestants of the Cevennes. Cavallier demanded other guarantees and privileges, but Villars told him the king's goodness and the king's word were the best of guarantees to loyal subjects; and the weak youth, weak without his spiritual guide, fell! He signed the contract; and signed it without consulting his chief, Rowland. When Cavallier returned to the hills to proclaim the achievement of liberty of conscience, and to call away with him his regiment of heroic Camisards to fields of distant glory, what a reception was

that! What a wild and fearful scene! "What liberty? What security?" demanded the indignant Rowland. "No! unless the Camisards had liberty to worship God, not in holes and corners, not in deserts and caverns alone, but in their own churches, and with all the rights and guarantees of citizens, they would live and die with their arms in their hands." And a terrible shout and a howl of fury, mingled as with the rolling of thunder, and the hissing of serpents, burst round the astonished youth from the frantic Camisards, "Traitor! betrayer!" and not liberator and saviour, rushed from the lungs of the thousands of infuriated Camisards; from the men whom he had so long led to battle, and who dreaded no death at his command. In vain he explained and reasoned: they would not hear him, till Rowland said, "though we cannot agree with our deluded brother, let us not part in anger," and embraced him. Then the hearts of all the soldiers melted a little, as they thought on old times, and when the heart-stricken young champion said "let those who love me, follow me!" Forty strode forth from the ranks and followed him. Forty only who now loved him! Forty only who had followed his banner as the banner of God—of certain victory! Forty only of all those who had seen the wonders of his young arm, and rushed into hottest battle at his trumpet voice, now followed in silence the melancholy hero, and the young Daniel, for the gigantic Ravelle faithful to this moment to God and Cavallier, now stood firmly faithful to God alone. He waved his sword vehemently, and shouted with the Camisard soldiery: "Live the sword of the Eternal! Live the sword of the Eternal!"

That was the fall of the Camisards. The glory of the Cevennes, and its wondrous warfare under the banners of the Almighty, and the visible armies of the angels, visible to the prophets in their hours of extacy, was over. From the year 1701 to 1705, was the period of the most marvellous revelation and conflict and victory. Cavallier and his little troop melancholy and ominous of evil done with good intent, and of evil coming, were sent under guard to Versailles. Cavallier had been told, in one of his illuminated hours, that he should speak with the king, and he did speak with him, and boldly and eloquently for the oppressed people of his mountains, and of the whole beautiful south; but he found quickly that he was only speaking to an old and bloated bigot, surrounded by the most corrupt and priestly influences; a sensual and priest-ridden slave, though the nominal monarch of France. When he reminded him of the treaty made by Marshal Villars, in a voice of thunder he bade him be silent: and the Camisard then knew that he was betrayed. Some friendly voice now whispered to him to fly ere the Bastille shut in him and his forty for ever. But it was not to the Bastille, but to the fortress of Brisac that the treacherous king destined them. On the way they rode off in the night and reached the frontier and safety.

The subsequent history of Cavallier was more fortunate than that of his late brother chieftains. He went to Holland, and collecting a regiment of French protestant refugees, he fought gallantly in Savoy and in Spain against the persecuting Louis. At the battle of Almanza, his regiment of Camisards finding themselves face to face with one of Montrevel's old regiments, which had helped to lay waste the Cevennes, the embittered enemies, countrymen, but catholic

and protestant, rushed on each other with fixed bayonets, and without firing a shot, fought with such frenzy that only three hundred out of both the regiments, according to the Duke of Berwick, were left alive. After that Cavalier came to England. His world-wide fame gave him high distinction, and led to wealth. He married in Holland a daughter of the famous Madame Dunoyer of Nismes, and by that marriage became nephew of Lachaise, the persecuting confessor of Louis XIV, and nominally brother-in-Law to Voltaire! He wrote his Memoirs, and became the governor of Jersey, which post he held till his death which occurred at Chelsea in 1740. But was he as happy as he was prosperous? When he was introduced at court to queen Anne, she asked him whether the Lord still visited him, as he did in his native mountains, and the wealthy and fortunate (?) ex-Camisard chief burst into tears, hung his head, and was silent!

The rest of the Camisard leaders refused any compromise, refused the delusive and soon violated treaty. But the charm was broken, the Divine Spirit which had blazed in unclouded glory upon them, was veiled in a great measure, if not withdrawn. Confidence had received a shock by the defection of Cavalier, and suspicions and weakness crept in. Rowland the brave, the good and the wise, had become, in his own imagination Duke of the Cevennes, and boasted to have won it by his sword. He was soon suffered to fall into the hands of a traitor, and killed, gallantly defending himself against an ambushed and overwhelming enemy. There was no longer any head, any centre of union. Every chief commanded his own independent section of Camisards, who fought bravely but were overpowered. Some surrendered on condition of being allowed to quit the country; others were taken and put to death with horrible tortures, being kept without sleep, or broken inch by inch on the wheel. The leaders all gone, the poor people endured a condition of sad oppression. No regard was paid to the treaty, and there remains a long story of wars and trampling violence till the outbreak of the Revolution. There is none so sad a story as the story of the Protestants of the South of France till 1787, when Louis XVI was compelled to pass a much boasted, but pitiful edict of toleration. The edict granted the mere right to worship, and legitimate protestant marriages, but it rigorously excluded them from the exercise of every civil, judicial, or political function and subjected them to the domination of the established church, which had perpetrated upon them a hundred years of the cruellest martyrdom, and yet scowled on them with eyes of a wolf still licking its bloody jaws. It is a singular fact that it was not to the so-called Christianity of the country, but which was in truth the devil's counterfeit of it, that the French protestants owed their liberty, their restoration to human rights, but to—Infidelity. To that scepticism and atheism which the tender mercies of *soi-disant* christianism had generated; to that disgust, universal and inexpressible in France, which the oppressions and suppressions, the dungeons, the racks, the fires, the insolence and the darkness of Anti-Christ had created, and which co-operating with and encouraging political despotism evoked the tempest of the national indignation, which destroyed both altar and throne. Read the haughty words of Louis XVI's, emancipatory edict of 1787. "*Pour cette grâce royale, vous serez assujettis au service de l'état et à l'entretien de la religion catholique, seule*

dominante; mais du reste, vous demeurez à jamais exclus de toutes fonctions d'administration, de judicature, d'insegnement, et privés de tout moyen d'influence dans le royaume. En un mot, vous n'obtiendrez de nous ce que le droit naturel ne nous permet pas de vous refuser."

But Voltaire gave the signal, and magistrates, philosophers, and literary men, became the organs of tolerance, the echoes of the mighty voice of Ferney. Tolerance was the word of universal order; procurators general, Rippert de Montclar, Servan, la Charlotais, demanded it from parliament: Turgot and D'Alembert in journals and pamphlets: Fenouillot de Falbaire in the theatre in his drama of "The honest criminal," Paris. France demanded it in thunder. The new philosophy penetrated through all the pores of superannuated society, and decomposed it utterly as the air decomposes a corpse. It was not monarchy, it was not Christianity, but the National Assembly which proclaimed the freedom of the mind, and yet it is remarkable that that Assembly elected as one of its first weekly presidents a Pastor of the church of the Desert, a son of the martyrs of the Cevennes, Rabaut Saint Etienne! And when the dungeons of Anti-christ were thrown open, they found in them crowds of miserable beings, the sight of whom would have drawn tears from a Caligula. These victims of the holy and infallible church, chiefly women, overwhelmed at the idea of deliverance, fell at the feet of their liberators, and could only express their sensations by sighs and tears. Many of them were eighty years of age! One of fifty-three years old had passed thirty-eight in her prison. Marie Durand, sister of the martyr of that name, had been cast into her dungeon at five years of age, and had passed all her youth there!

The fiery conflict of the Prophets of the Covenens had at length its triumph. This was the issue of its inspirations and its martyrdoms. The mighty had fallen, but the weak, mighty in God, had remained. Protestantism survived all the dragonades. At the revocation of the Edict of Nantes the protestants of France were calculated at two millions, they are now calculated at three millions, after the enormous numbers who were destroyed, or who emigrated to America, to the Cape of Good Hope, and to most of the countries of Europe. "Let us conclude our history" says Peyrat, "by an observation which is the conclusion natural and consolatory. It is that the result of this gigantic dragonade, of this political oppression has been almost null. That the greatest wound given to French protestantism has been the expatriation of half a million of its children: yet they remain no fewer in number. The Cevennes have given to the world a great and salutary lesson. They have proved that the apostleship of the sword is impotent to convert souls; and that in order to triumph over a despotism the most colossal, it is only necessary for the very weakest people to suffer in silence and to hope. Happy are they who believe, who love, and who hope."

And the picture which he draws of these Camisard Spiritualists so late as 1840, is beautiful. "The tourists who to-day traverse these mountains pondering on the tragic events of which they were the theatre: admire with an involuntary astonishment, the profound calm, the serenity of spirit of these hospitable populations. Their calamities have not left one particle of resentment in their souls

to embitter the pious and the martial traditions which they recount to the stranger. The vestiges of persecution have as completely disappeared from the soil as from their hearts. Only the inhabitants of some cantons have not rebuilt their churches: they continue to worship in the desert. How often, in my wanderings, have I suddenly heard arise in the distance a psalmody, simple, grave, somewhat monotonous, but of a profoundly religious character, which the winds have borne to me across the woods mingled with the murmur of torrents, and the tinkling of the bells of the flocks and herds. I have hastened towards it, and have soon discovered on the skirts of the forests or in some meadow, two or three hundred of the faithful listening in pious absorption, to the words of their pastor stationed on a rock, at the foot of some ancient oak which canopied him with its branches. Ah! how tame becomes every form of worship after that adoration in the wilderness: amid that living nature which mingles its majestic voice with the hymns of man, under a heaven whose transparent depths permits the mystic spirit to catch glimpses of the Invisible. Our emotion is doubled when the desert, like the Champ Domergue, is a spot consecrated by the prayers and the combats of their ancestors. The pastor there, the minister of Vialas is the descendant of the patriarchal Elie Marion. The young catechumens bear the names of warriors and martyrs: for the religious families, the descendants of the inspired Camisards, remain yet almost entire. The Seguiers are remaining in the villages near Magestavols. The posterity of Castanet under the name of Mallaval, descended by the female line, still inhabit the cottage of that chief at Massavaque. The Mazels are a populous tribe. The Maurels, descended from the sister of Catinat, are small proprietors, farmers and coopers in Caila. The Cavalliers, prosperous also, have quitted Ribaute; but a stock of the Laportes—the family of Rowland,—of which an off-shoot is transplanted to St. Jean-au-Gard, flourishes still in the ancestral house of Massoubeyran: and the youngest of these shoots has received the name of his illustrious great uncle, the Camisard general—ROWLAND LAPORTE.

A DREAM BUT HALF FULFILLED—AS YET.

The following is interesting as being told by one who while telling it disclaims any belief in the supernatural.

A medical gentleman practising in the south of London, recently purchased a powerful horse. Before the bargain was made, indeed while as yet the doctor was only thinking of it, and had not communicated his intention to any one, his son calling upon a lady, one of their patients, was told that she had had a horrible dream about him and his father. At first she hardly liked to tell, but on being pressed, she said she had dreamt she saw him and his father upset from their carriage—covered with dust and blood, and with a large horse kicking them, and that the horse had something the matter with one of its hind legs.

The doctor soon afterwards completed the purchase of the horse, and upon its being sent home, it was found that it had something the matter with one of its hind legs.

The son, who tells the story, states that they drive the horse without any apprehension—adding that he is a bit of a fatalist, and believes that what is to be will be.

We shall give the conclusion of the story, for which we anxiously wait, in a subsequent number. We dare say the son is a very clever person, and knows a good deal, but we should strongly recommend him to dispose of his new purchase before the accident occurs.

W. G.

THE REV. SAMUEL NOBLE.

The Rev. Samuel Noble, author of "the Appeal," a great doctrinal work in defence of Swedenborgianism, and minister for many years to the Swedenborgian Society, meeting in Cross Street, Hatton Garden, London, was in the later years of his life the subject of spirit communications by rapping.

One day a lady of his congregation calling upon him rapped at his room door for entrance. She received no reply. Then she rapped again, and still no reply; a third time she rapped, and then he called "Come in." "Why Mr. Noble," she said, "did you not hear me knocking before?" "O, yes, he answered," but I am so troubled with knockings in my room, that I did not pay any attention, never thinking it was you.

These knockings Mr. Noble attributed to evil spirits, and desiring to discourage them he made no response to their multiplied attentions hoping thus to drive them away. To Spiritualism he was much opposed, as are most Swedenborgians. It was his intention, had he lived, to have investigated the phenomena and literature of modern Spiritualism and to have written upon them, of course, adversely. He died, however, in the autumn of 1853.

W. H.

CASES OF CATELEPSY, OR TRANCE.—Referring to a recent case quoted from the *Birmingham Daily Post*, "The Dead Alive," which was evidently one of catelepsy, or trance, an "M. D." writes to the *Times* as follows:—

Such cases are of rare occurrence, so much so that I believe many medical men pass through life without the opportunity of witnessing this state of disease. I have only seen three patients so afflicted, two of them being in a minor degree. During the nine years that I had the care of the female lunatics of the county of Surrey—and upwards of 2,000 cases came under my care—one solitary instance alone was afforded me for observation. The case at present is unpublished, but it lasted for a period of seven months, and during that time, in whatever state she was placed she remained scarcely distinguishable from a dead person. I enclose a picture exhibiting her "with all the terrible faithfulness of photography." After such a long duration of inanimation she became perfectly conscious, knew everything which had passed, spoke most naturally on all subjects, and was constantly visited by her relatives. Although every possible nourishment was afforded her, she stated she felt so exhausted that she must die, and within a fortnight death ensued. Were it not from having the truthful photograph at hand, and being aware how little any of us knew of these cases, I would not have ventured to offer these remarks on the paragraph referred to.

THE TEXT BOOK. The Hon. Robert Dale Owen has favored two numerous private audiences with readings from other portions of his forthcoming Work. Not to anticipate the interest which it will excite, we will only say that the matter displays the great philosophical and enquiring mind of this great Author, and that we look with anxiety for the publication of his work, as a Text book on the subject. For want of such closely reasoned books, Spiritualism is apt to run wild with its new adherents, and no enquiry within the range of the mind more requires to be amenable to rules and guidance.

GIFTS FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

On an Infant who died shortly after its birth into the natural world.

A beauteous flow'r ope'd its leaves and eye,
To breathe its fragrance once, and then to die—
So left the dove, the ark, its "Spirit-birth,"
And sought its "Home of rest in heart of earth:"
To it's love no fit 'House of Rest' was given,
And it returned again, within its Heaven.

Have faith in humanity, you will then love your neighbour—doing this you may truly say, you love God through faith. Viewing every man with suspicion, is the 'voice of hate,' and the selfhood of Satan usurps the empire of peace.

A heart without affection is "cradled death."

PER. G. A. GILBERT.

THE FARIES' LULLABY.

Spiritually dictated to the writer, after having looked on her sleeping children.

Daylight's beauty now is past,—children dear—
Evening shades are falling fast—night is near.
Clos'd your eyes in slumber deep;
Eyes that have not learned to weep.

Nought of ill shall you molest—we are nigh;
Hark! we sing you into rest—lullaby.
Fairy guardians, true are we,
Watching o'er ye brothers three.

See we bring you fairy dreams—purer far—
Than earth's poets fairest themes—ever are—
Low, sweet music, fragrant flowers,
Brought for you from fairies bowers.

Rest, ye dear ones, softly rest—lullaby.
Childhood's slumbers, ye are blest—from on high;
Loving fairies while ye sleep,
Faithful watching o'er ye keep.

Other guardians too are near—angels bright.
They who hold young children dear—in their sight.
Angels pure as those who kept
Watch o'er Jesus while He slept.

He was once a child like you,—children dear—
Bring to him hearts pure and true—never fear,—
He has hallowed childhood's years,
Smiled its smiles, wept its tears.

"Come," he says, and learn of me—little ones,
I will teach you how to be—God's own sons.
In my love ye shall find rest,
In my tender care be blest,—

Love him, serve him, do his will—all your days,
And his hand shall guide you still—in your ways;
When ye wander, set you right,
Change to day, your darkest night.

When life's battles all are o'er—bravely one,
And ye reach the "spirit-shore"—earth-life done,
Angels holier far than we
There shall greet ye "brothers three."

CEMENE.

—:O:—

D. W. Weatherhead, Printer, Keighley.